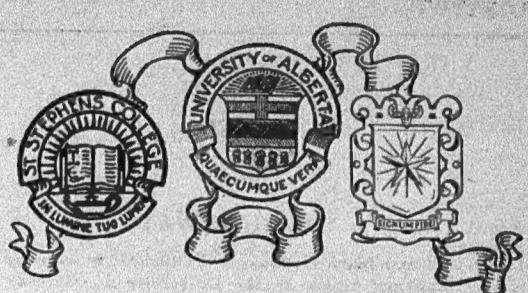


# The Gateway



VOL. XXII, No. 5.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1931

SIX PAGES

## SOCER TROPHY WON BY VARSITY IN STIFF GAME

### ALBERTA TENNIS TEAMS DEFEAT SASKATCHEWAN IN TOURNAMENT

#### Donaldson and Gaudin Lead Soccer Men to Win

Varsity's First Entry in First Division Play Succeeds in Copping Trophy—Will Travel to Saskatchewan for Intercollegiate Match

In a game featured by the booming kicks of Ad Donaldson, who kept the Legion at bay for half the game till the Varsity attack began to take effect, the Varsity annexed the Dragoon Cup by a score of 2-1 last Saturday. For all the first period the Legion pressed the attack, and only the sterling defensive work of Hamilton and Donaldson, together with a smart brand of goalkeeping on the part of Percy Page, held them scoreless during the half. The Legion front line was continually working the ball in, only to lose it to the hard-working Varsity defenders.

In the second half the tide of play turned the other way, and from the whistle the students pressed right in on the Legion goal. Gaudin hit the upright once before he managed to score, but he took advantage of a loose ball after Mann had saved from Turner, and scored the University first goal. Later the same player rushed in on Mann as he was handling one of Convey's long kicks and caught another loose ball to score the Varsity's second goal. Lidgett, Legion substitute, got their only score on a pass from Duguid late in the second half as the soldiers were pressing hard to tie up the match.

A detailed description of the play follows.

Legion opened up fast and attacked immediately. Johnston forced a corner. The attempt was missed, and Page cleared. Varsity swung the play to the Legion end and forced another corner. The play went to midfield. The Legion attacked, but Donaldson cleared well up the field. Varsity attacked, and Ritchie got through, only to have Doyle deflect his shot. The Legion attacked on the left wing, but the ball went out. Page kicked to midfield, where Convey secured and kicked well into Legion territory. Varsity got a throw-in, and on the play Carlyle shot on goal, but Mann saved easily. Mann kicked well

(Continued on page 4)

#### UNIVERSITY MUSIC CLUB MEETS NOV. 8

Meeting to be Held in Pembina Hall—Well-known Artists to Assist in Program

Holding the first of its series of meetings, the recently formed Music Club will offer a worth-while program on Sunday, Nov. 8, in Pembina Hall. Mr. L. H. Nichols will speak briefly on "Melody as a Basis of Music," and will be assisted by the following artists: Mr. J. E. Bowstead, Mrs. O. J. Walker, Mme. Hector Allard, Mr. Alan Harvey, Mr. John Harvey, Mr. E. T. Nepstad, Mr. Gordon Sprague, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. Cyril Pyrcz.

The program for the occasion contains definite indications that the club's ambitions do not consist in attempts to stun those unacquainted with music by displays of "high-brow" musical numbers and terminology, but in a genuine endeavor to inculcate a basic knowledge of the art. Appreciation of advanced technique will follow after.

Undergraduates are urged to take advantage of the benefits offered by the Music Club.

#### REGISTRATION ABOUT COMPLETE

Substantial Increase to Date—Enrollment 1,622

About a month ago it was rumored that the attendance figures this year had taken a big jump ahead of previous years. Mr. Ottewell was approached on the matter, but not having complete information he declined to make any definite statement, merely intimating that the registration would probably be greater than last year.

Definite figures are now available, and the Registrar has given them to us in a brief form, complete up to Thursday morning.

Two groups have yet to complete their registration. The graduates are allowed another week yet; the size of the second term class in nursing will not be known till January. So far there is a significant increase in graduate registration, there being three more to date than the total last year. Doubtless there will be well over one hundred when the time limit expires.

As for total enrollment to date, there is a substantial increase. By coincidence, however, the figures entered on Oct. 27 this year are exactly the same as on the corresponding date last year. That total is one thousand six hundred and two. The increase of about twenty is just being entered, bringing the total to one thousand six hundred and twenty-two.

The increase shown either proves that in hard times people come back to school for more education, or shows that people are coming to appreciate still more the value of advanced learning.

#### MT. ROYAL COLLEGE AFFILIATION

Dr. Wallace Brings Formal Greetings of U. of A. at Opening of College

"Choose your vocation as your interest dictates. If there are those who are leading you into a vocation you do not like, remember that you will be alive long after they are dead; the joy of life depends on your work—and that is life. And remember, too, that if your spare time in later years is devoted to motion pictures and card playing, to the exclusion of pursuits of thought, literature or music, then the University has failed you."

Such was the wise counsel of Dr. R. C. Wallace to the hundred students, and their parents, at the opening of Mount Royal College, Calgari, of that institution on Thursday evening, Oct. 22.

Dr. Wallace brought the formal greetings of the University at the opening ceremonies.

The College has recently become affiliated with the University of Alberta, and will provide its students with the equivalent of second year standing in the Faculty of Arts, here at the University.

Hon. Perren Baker, Minister of Education, represented the provincial government, and gave a short address.

Johnston got the ball and got through to Page, but Page saved, and as Duguid came for the loose ball threw clear to Donaldson, who kicked well up. The Legion again pressed, but kicked wide of the goal. After Page kicked, Pugh came in and crossed to Johnston, but Johnston again missed the goal. Varsity took the ball up the field, and Woznow and Howell forced a corner. Another corner resulted, and Woznow crossed a beautiful kick in front of the goal, but the opportunity was missed. The Legion attacked, but Hamilton saved.

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## THE GATEWAY

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## WOMAN—INTELLECTUAL, PHYSICAL EQUAL?

Observant readers will have noted that women students of this "man's" university are beginning to take an important part in the executive work necessary in the publication of The Gateway—a state of affairs which does not seem at all portentous of a "milk-sop" paper, judging by the news and feature articles submitted by girls to date. Moreover—a fact which would not be apparent to even the most observant of our readers, of course—there are almost exactly four times as many co-ed writers as there are male. We have several capable men writing for us, of course, but their equally capable feminine co-workers are more numerous.

It is generally conceded that the most arduous position on The Gateway staff (and on that of any paper, we suppose) is that of the news editor. The latter is responsible for obtaining the mass of the paper's news, and for so judging the importance of items as to give them proper prominence. As an executive officer, of course, the news editor is in charge of the reporters, and chooses for each news assignment (so far as possible) the reporter best fitted to deal with it. The deadline for the various items, and the number of words to be submitted, are set by the news editor, who must learn not to tolerate a poor quality of work or tardiness by his (or her) assistants.

In view of these important requirements of a news editor, and the fact that, in recent years at least, The Gateway has had a male occupying that official's position, the appointment of two women students (editor and assistant editor) to supervise news collection is significant of ability, interest, and energy in our co-ed staff members. Another valuable co-ed assistant is also a woman—naturally: the Women's Editor. The news and feature departments are both largely dependent on her ability to maintain the women students' interest in the paper's work. The Gateway's proof-reading staff is largely composed of women, also; we may be mistaken, but they appear (as a rule) more patient than men in the correction of printing errors.

We are not endeavoring to ingratiate ourselves with the girls of this university, nor are we writing this editorial as "Gateway pep talk." It is our astonishment at beholding our gratification for so much valuable aid being given by the co-eds which leads to this public discussion of the latter's inroads into what has been almost an impregnable male stronghold—the university newspaper. We refuse to believe that we have sex appeal, and regard with suspicion the men students who say we have: we are convinced that they do so as an evasion of our suggestion that their help would be welcomed by The Gateway.

Not our sex appeal (?), but real interest in at least this branch of student activities is the reason for the co-eds' shaming of the slothful males of this university.

## WHEN BLACK IS WHITE

Our apologies to the local member of the chain of Canadian National hotels.

We have been advised that the Macdonald Hotel management were acting under orders from the East when they barred Roland Hayes, negro tenor, from the use of their public rooms, and cannot therefore be held responsible for what we still consider disgraceful treatment of the famous artist.

To the management referred to, we offer our regret that they should have received the brunt of our scorn in last week's editorial; to the gentlemen who ought to have received our derision, we tender it with additions.

## CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES AND PEACE

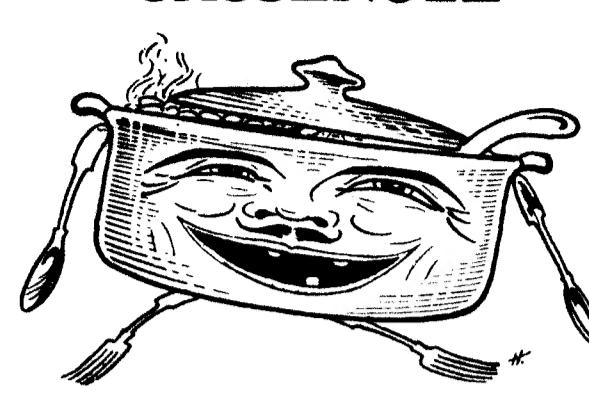
One of the few opportunities for concerted, vigorous participation in world affairs by university students is now open. Universities throughout Canada are taking advantage of it with enthusiasm, and while they may not be successful in having their attitudes very seriously considered by the Canadian government at present, the educational value of the campaign will almost certainly enforce attention in a similar succeeding effort.

The campaign is on behalf of world peace, through general disarmament.

Dr. Mack Eastman, head of the Research Department of the International Labour Bureau in Geneva, is at present making a lecture tour of Canada in an attempt to organize university students in favor of the movement, and his proposals are being very favorably received by the university publications and their readers. The latter are being encouraged to sign petitions addressed to Premier R. B. Bennett. The gist of these petitions is a request that the Canadian government, at the Geneva Conference to be held next February, stand behind those who are working towards world peace through disarmament. It is hoped that a quarter of a million signatures will be obtained.

The University of Alberta is to be visited by Dr. Eastman some time in November (possibly November 12); a general meeting to hear this internationally known lecturer will probably be held, and the whole plan discussed in detail. The many organizations who are active in propagation of the will be peace movement are engaged in making the necessary arrangements.

## CASSEROLE



## WENCHES WEIGHT WITHOUT WEIGHERS

Do you know the biacromial width of your best girl? If you did know it what would you do with it? Dr. Mary Louise Boillin of the University knows what to do with it, and if you learn the simple little equation which she made public yesterday you can astound every Barnard girl and extensionite who passes by shouting her correct weight at her—that is, if you want to astound the Barnardites.

Dr. Boillin, the New York World-Telegram tells us, found, after measuring 815 Wellesley girls, that their weights could be accurately computed from the measurements of their chests and hips. Height and shoulder width have little import in judging a girl's weight, she says.

Dr. Boillin's "multiple regression equation" for determining weight follows:

Expectation in weight (pounds) equals 2.5014 times width of hips plus .5245 times height, plus .0624 times depth of chest, plus .8954 times biacromial (shoulder) width, plus 2,8644 times chest width, minus 209.2255.

What with depression and hardship widespread and the machine and new scientific discoveries throwing more and more men out of work, along comes Dr. Boillin and puts the crimp in the work of countless professional weight-guessers. Dr. Boillin has gone and betrayed an ancient secret for, says the World-Telegram, Pete, the weight-guessing man at Coney Island, confessed yesterday, "Every time a girl comes along I measure her with my eye, then do those figures quick in my head."—Columbia Spectator.

\* \* \*

"Oh, alas," cried the man from the circus,  
"My secret's no longer my own,  
For a woman I won't call a lady  
Is causing me many a moan.

She's a doctor who's published a paper;  
And tells any reader that's male  
That he won't have to take his best girl friend  
To be weighed by the weighing-man's scale.

She has fixed up a whole lot of figures,  
So that anyone can calculate  
By a few simple rule 'n' relations  
Quite simply his girl friend's weight.

And I, who guess weight at the circus,  
Who always have thus earned my bread,  
Because, when at school, I could ever  
Do 'rithmetic sums in my head.

But it's not enough that depression  
Makes my scales grow covered with rust;  
But this dame from a N' Yawk college  
Has made it completely a bust.

—D. T. G.

## SPOUT ALL IT CAN DO

Prof. Lower—Mr. Punter, can you tell me where the Rhine flows?

Gerald P.—Why, down the water spaht, o' course, sir.—The Vox.

## EDITORS vs. BIG BUSINESS AND POLITICS

It is the generally accepted view that most large newspapers are not newspapers in the original sense of the word; news has definitely yielded priority of importance to "big business" interests. Editorial influence, in the main, is on the side of the best-paying advertisers, and—as markedly as is discreet—on the side of definite political interests. The good old hectic days of editorial independence are still the rule in but few instances; some college newspapers still have that independence, and it is the boast of The Gateway, by the way, that it is one of the most independent of these publications.

Many so-called "papers in the service of the best public interests" are completely under the thumb of Mr. Politician and Messrs. Big Business. All too often, the "best public interests" are conducive only to the swelling of the cash reserves of ever-hungry corporation or political treasures. Not even in merely local affairs of third-rate importance does the "controlled" editor come out flat-footed in his column and say what is the ethically correct thing to say: he is merely a machine capable of assembling nice-sounding phrases in accordance with dictated ideas. Poor benighted wretch! Bound always to think only as the bosses tell him to, how can he be spontaneous, how can he be anything but a most prosaic writer.

Thank you: we do not aspire to be a slave to bay-windowed gentlemen with more selfish acquisitiveness than brains or humanity; we envy the editors of few large newspapers.

## MORE ABOUT NEWSPAPERS

A local newspaper (not The Gateway) recently carried a six-column headline spread which informed the world to this effect: "Spain Rejects Roman Catholic Religion." Later in the day, another edition of the paper appeared with a news head which made it quite clear that Spain had done no such thing. "Spain Votes for Separation of Church and State" was the real significance of the day's news break; yet how vastly different was the impression conveyed by the first headline! Conquistador and Inquisitorial shades had been brought to mind, with Roman Catholicism as a martyr to hatefulness and inhumanity; visions of chains and dungeons, racks and thumbscrews had been conjured up to our mind's eye—their hideous fascinations had us in a merciless grip, when the true situation in the home of the toroeadors and dusky señoritas was revealed. No newspaper should be allowed to make such a boner as did that local news propagator (not The Gateway).

## CORRESPONDENCE

## TALKIE ACCENTS

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I would like to answer Mr. "F. P. Mac's" remark regarding the "English accent." He may have his own opinions about it, but it is quite unwarranted for him to take it for granted that the rest of us prefer to listen to an American voice. The Canadian and American (so-called) "accents" which differ from the English, consist merely of a harsh and strident voice and intonation through the nose. American film stars have lovely soft voices and are a pleasure to listen to, whereas most English actors and actresses have those pleasant voices. How many illusions have been shattered when we have heard some of our favorite American movie stars speak! Mr. F. P. Mac may have his "good old American" accent—if he means that strident tone that sounds so horrible in the "talkie" if he doesn't, I'd like to know what he does mean?

—E. W.

## WHAT DOES THIS PROVE?

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—In spite of the fact that the early withdrawal from the rugby game against Saskatchewan involved a technical trespass of the field, could not a magnanimous jurist apply fairly one of Broom's Legal Maxims, "Courts take no notice of trifles," especially if he considered the fact that the walk from the grid gates to the Tuck Shop or other place of refuge involve much inhaling of dust and exhausted petrol? Nay, more—I myself saw one pedestrian run into and carried to a car, whose owner was willing to stop and drive the unfortunate fellow for medical aid. Here I should like to observe that if there were sort of postern-gate, opened towards the end of the game, for purposes of exit only, and situated at the south-eastern corner of the grid, and a bridle-path from there towards 87th or 88th Avenue, it would be a boon to fans, who have no four-wheel means of travel.

In conclusion, I add that had I not passed through the gates at the moment I did, I should not have been able to say Hello! to one with whom I have defended Arts soccer interests time and again.

Yours apologetically,

—C. S.

## PROTEST AGAINST A PROTEST

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—It seems to us almost incredible that a so-called "intellectual" man could have denied the intellectual equality of the sexes.

Inferiority complex! Apple sauce! We feel quite convinced, and scientific data proves that we are at least as intelligent as the men. For when it can be proved psychologically that women are either superior in intellect on the one hand, or inferior on the other, it surely must be enlightening to this "superior being," this "intellectual" man, to be informed that we must be on a par.

The above is sufficient to show that we have the grounds on which to argue that we are the intellectual equals of men, and we feel that it is only by that same frequency of discussion mentioned in the "Protest" that we will ever be able to have this fact acknowledged.

As for being expert actresses and mimics of men, has not woman had to humor her childish lord in order to obtain shoes for Johnny and curtains for the living-room? We call it diplomacy and adaptability!

We do not consider that the writer of the "Protest" should need to be "enlightened on the point" that during as long a time as can be ascertained women have borne children and managed the home. Men have had to be content with paying the bills. But will our protestant find that many of his celebrated male thinkers earned their living by any other means than by their intellectual pursuits which were their sole occupation and interest?

While shouting for his own side he makes the unfortunate blunder of scoring a point for his opponents. He has expected that while the man did his writing, his printing or his laboratory experiments, that woman should be cook, housemaid, dressmaker, nurse and governess, and also make a creative contribution to the intellectual world.

Where women were free from these drudgeries, as among the upper class in France during the 18th and early 19th centuries, we find women the acknowledged equals of men in literature, art, and politics. Where such freedom from family duties was less marked, we find men of the first rank in all professions paying tribute to the women who were their inspiration of co-workers, but who chose to remain unknown that their men might reap the glory.

R.E.F., M.E.C., H.M.B.

## ANTICIPATIONS

(A Short, Short Story)

I was again in "deep brown" study, that rapt, yet conscious mood, when someone came and sat beside me. I did not look up, but my heart began to beat faster, for I was certain that she was beside me, prettier and lovelier than when I first met her. From one reverie I fell into another, and these words ran through my mind:

"Il vécut sans la dame, et vécut sans ennui,  
Comme la dame ailleurs, se divertit sans lui."

But now, new anxieties were mine—

Freshette!

For a moment my troubles were real (I mean those of a bankrupt).

Luckily, 1932 flashed through my mind. Why, that's a leap year! My credit is good till then (must be).

The following day we cosily talked over our plans for the week-end.

—I. H.

## EXCHANGE

## LETTER TO EDITOR IN PROHIBITION U.S.A.

An unidentified editor "somewhere in the States" received the following letter from a reader, which is really so good we can do nothing but reproduce it.

To the Editor:

You seem to take a good deal of delight in telling other people how to live, and perhaps that is your business, but it seems to me that you exceed your duty when you arrogate to yourself the right to inform all of those who may happen to enjoy an occasional drink of "Scotch."

I have been presented with a fine bottle of Scotch whiskey for Christmas, and it is before me as I sit at my typewriter and dictate this letter to you. It bears the label of Sandy McDonald—a good, fair, well-bodied liquor which I am assured was bought before the war and has been in my friend's cellar ever since. What right has any form of law to make me a criminal if I partake of this gift as it was intended that I do by the giver?

I have just tasted of this bottle of liquor, I will confide to you, and I cannot see where or how I am invading the rights of any other person on earth. I find it excellent. It warms my stomach; it inspires my thought. I cannot feel, Mr. Editor, that I have wronged the community or added to lawlessness of the general society in so doing. It makes me tired to be classed as a criminal for any such occasion, and I notify you that before long there will be a revolt against the sort of stuff you are writing.

Just to show you my independence of such truck as you are writing, I have taken another drink of the aforesaid most jubilant Sandy McDonald, and I will say to you it is

about as smooth a drink as a criminal ever put into his system. The second drink, which I shall soon follow by a third, make me feel more certain that those who feel their systems require stimulant, should band together, organize and start a campaign to floor this Volstead business if it can be done.

Nor Mr. Editor, I am no bum and you can't make me a bum. I like a little drink now and then, and I have taken a third, or maybe it is a fourth, and I am more than ever convinced that any man that doesn't is big idiot. You say that this eviction of the law is producing a state of affairs in our Great and Glorious Country. You are wrong. This country is just as good as it ever was and was a real better country and I will leave it to you fitt wasn't, when I had free rum.

A wan't to say to you that this old scotch whisky is all right. A lot of it would n't do us harm. When we ended stumulany we ned it. My grandfather was brought up on rum. They had it in the house all the time. They drank it free and even the minstew drang it when he cam to our house. It's a pretty iknf of a country when a grandfather is better than his frundather. I can drink this sort of scuteS all day not be no worse a citizen than I was before. I could drink this hole quæd neger giber an etelash.

But what I want o f you is to remind you ayain aadb agnain that o arw dead wronth ib consenging evert bony who drins as a boulin. We arn't crualals.

I will sat inxlosing, thqt i wisg you aSmorIT "Chirhymax" and \$haoo New Yrere  
Rexsevfillu Yioytdx C38d34t  
Swrv-14r  
Willie B FuLle r....

## ENO'S WHAT HE WANTS

"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."—Hornet.



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## Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

Everyone enjoyed Dr. Broadus's reading of Chaucer last week—but why did they leave hanging up above him that large and brightly colored chart of a man's—er—"innards"? Dr. Broadus managed to triumph over it, but even so, it was hardly in keeping with honey-tongued Chaucer.

Dr. Broadus's new book, by the way, has been most aptly named "The Story of English Literature." For that's what it is. Not the history of English literature, but the story. And so every page is steeped in its author's love of English letters. I feel sure Dr. Broadus wrote the book as much for his own pleasure of writing it as for any other reason he might have; it shines out of every page. He leads us through the history of English literature, pausing now and then, to fondle this, or to reflect on that. And so the book is not a text-book to be studied, but a story to be read and enjoyed.

You know, sometimes it is really a very good thing that we can't see ourselves as others see us. I mean if we could, our Phys. Educ. classes would be totally disrupted. It must be a rare sight indeed to see the gymnasium filled with half-clad young men going through the most amazing and undignified contortions you could even imagine. We roll up on our necks and wave our legs about—"Keep your knees straight!" (Oh yeah!)—we flop head, arms and legs about like so many fish—we hoist our bodies up, down, spring, spring, up, keep your knees stiff—we throw our hips around—we double up into a V (oh, those Vs!); and that ain't the half of it, dearie! Before your are through you have unhinged more joints than you ever knew you possessed. It's almost as bad as initiation, only it doesn't taste so bad. Not forgetting, of course, our deep breathing exercises: "OH-VER-IN-HALEING! Back, EX-haling! OH-VER-IN-HALEING! Back, EX-haling!"; or pulling the abdominal wall inward, in out in out in out; or the various Allah-Allah stunts.

We'd look silly enough even if we could do them all perfectly, but we can't. Our attempts are somewhat unhappy. Finally somebody lets out a grunt. That makes about ten others start to giggle; one of them loses his breath and collapses, and that gets the rest of us going.

You really should see us.

Sometimes we all sit on the floor, with the windows wide open admitting the cool autumn breezes, while the instructor gives us a short lecture; but I can't tell you about those here. I couldn't even tell my own mother.

Oh, it's a great life if you don't weaken—but do we ever weaken and land very suddenly on the mat? Huh, you're telling me!

Bing Losky, the famous radio crooner from Los Angeles, is not my idea of a good singer. His growing popularity belies me, I know, but that's my story and I stick to it. His style of wailing doesn't appeal to me, that's all. However, I'm prepared to make a huge concession to him since I saw him in a Mark Sennett comedy at the Capitol this week, for the boy has a very likeable screen personality. Breezy and youthful, sufficiently good-looking (except in that opening shot), he moves before the camera with all the ease of an experienced star. Of course, I may be carried away by the unexpectedness of his new-found virtues, but I think he could make a niche in filmland.

His case seems to be quite the converse of Rudy Vallée. Vallée, over the radio, announcing his songs, and singing with his dance orchestra, reveals a very pleasing personality. But

## A FRIENDLY CHAT FROM CAT TO CAT

By Ann Zatsat

Shades of Galsworthy! Have you seen the play in last week's Cass? That's one act that shouldn't have been passed.

Overheard in a classroom: "This is n-n-nothing. The l-l-last room-m-m was m-much colder. Brrrh!"

That correspondent in last week's Gateway sounded as though he was worried about getting his Wauneta bid. Either that or his gout was troubling him. No one could be so foolish naturally. It looked like a bad case of suppression—of an inferiority complex.

He may be an old dear to some, but he's just a father-in-law to us.

The best thing about this Varsity is its 12:30 bell.

When we're tired we get sentimental. Subject: pillow.

Your friends won't tell you, but it's surprising what your in-laws will.

One thing about living in Pembina: that Fuller Brush salesmen doesn't bother you any more, unless, that is, he lives in the south wing of Athabasca.

The House Eccers may spend their time gazing into looking-glasses, but those Engineers spend THEIR time gazing into drinking glasses.

Transfers: Slips of paper that are dropped in automobile back seats when we get a ride.

Cigarette smoke may be a necessity to some, but it's just a lot of atmosphere to us.

He may be Dutch to you, but he's Scotch to us.

Say, do you know what? The tables in Tuck are supposed to be in rows!

Now we know why girls go wrong—it's these dumb green conductors.

About the little light that goes out—it's a tandem bicycle, built for two.

There was once a good-looking man who wasn't conceited—where? (in feverish tones of unbelief)—where?

Well, at Tuck the rain doesn't leak in—but you should hear the stories that leak out.

We went to a highbrow lecture the other day to see and be seen among the intelligentsia. What a gyp! There were just a lot of our friends there!

If there were as many blue-eyed blondes as there are renditions of that piece, gentlemen would prefer blondes from a case of necessity.

We've been in worse crowds than that Wauneta sale, but we can't remember where.

Once there was a Freshette who didn't go to Wauneta—she died a moron.

Our idea of a perfect day is the one during which we forget all about our House Ec demonstration.

Gateway dictionary: Columnist: One who concocts drivel in almost any quantity and of differing (or indifferent) quality.

We have the keenest idea for reducing. Have a Wauneta every week, sell the tickets as usual, and we guarantee that after three weeks of this, when you stand sideways we won't be able to see you.

Our idea of talent for dramat is the coed that can say without a facial grimace: "You know, I didn't get a letter today. And my dear, I'm so glad! You see, I mean, he has a weak wrist, and I'm so afraid he'll strain it, actually I mean."

Meow! meow!

## MEDICAL MAGAZINE WILL APPEAR SOON

### Literary as Well as Clinical Subjects Dealt With

(From McGill Daily)

Trends in Medical Education in the countries in which most progress has been made in that line, will be the general subject for the first issue of the McGill Medical undergraduate journal, which will appear some time about the end of October.

The systems of the United Kingdom and the Irish Free State, Germany, France, the United States, and of Canada will be discussed by various undergraduates of the Medical School.

The general scheme will be followed throughout all the issues of the Journal, that is, a symposium of articles on one particular subject of more general medical interest, as well as special articles on technical subjects, a case report, and articles which might be grouped under the general heading of "literary subjects."

For the next few weeks undergraduates in Medicine and members of the staff are being approached for subscriptions, the price of which is \$1.00 per year. Single copies will sell for 30 cents.

The approximate length of the Journal is sixty-four pages. It is an undergraduate venture, and will be issued four times during the college year.

If you use a certain brand of toothpaste, you will save enough to buy silk stockings, chewing tobacco, lard and other delicacies. Accordingly, look what you would save by having them all pulled!

## F.S. and B.S.

In the words of the Prophet—man is dust, and it only takes one woman to settle him.

Fine hay up there in the Editorial loft. Those headlines in the last Gateway made us realize that we were not the only ones who had heard that there was an Interfac Rugby League working on the premises.

Through a special correspondent we hear that a new club is likely to make its appearance on the campus any day now. It will be composed of—or will be wielded by (depending on what kind of club it is)—those who have been insulted by The Gate during the present term. Sort of a delightful thing, just like a resident Freshman practicing on a saxophone, but a lot more useful.

And speaking of saxophones in residence, that one must belong to a Freshman, for any one else would know better than to use it.

It being apparently fashionable to air one's private opinions, we might ask the exponents of race equality in this little Sodom of Edmonton just how much good all our fuss will do in the affair under discussion. But just the same we—who, of course, knew nothing of such things—are glad that The Gateway did mention the matter of Roland Hayes.

Dr. Cameron made quite an impression on the potential pebble pounders in his address to them last Friday. The breadth of the subject was as widespread as the province, but not as deeply involved. Anyhow, he made it clear that one Council attached to this campus could, and was, working hard and saying very little.

### PLACING THE DECIMAL POINT

J. S. B.

The following rules for placing the decimal point (DP) when computing with a slide rule are easily remembered and generally are quicker and more accurate than the practice of estimating the position.

Let,

$S_n$ =(total No. of digits to LEFT of the DP in all factors of the numerator) > 1) — (total No. of zeros between the DP and the first digit in all the factors of the numerator) < 1)

$S_d$ =same as above for the denominator.

$R_n$ =number of times slide extends to RIGHT when multiplying factors of the numerator on the C and D scales.

$R_d$ =No. of times slide extends to the RIGHT when dividing the factors of the denominator on the "C" scale one at a time.

## S.C.M. ANNOUNCES DISCUSSION GROUPS

### Study Programs Varied to Accommodate All Tastes

#### I.—Topic: Life of Jesus.

This group will use for a basis of study and discussion, "The Ethical Teachings of Jesus," E. F. Scott.

Conveners: Elliott Birdsall, Thelma Kingsbury.

Group: New students.

Meetings: Monday afternoon.

#### II.—Topic: Life of Jesus.

Study book, "The Jesus of History," Glover.

Leader: Mrs. J. D. Newton.

Convenor: Elizabeth Cogswell.

Group: Junior girls.

Meetings: Monday afternoon.

#### III.—Topic: Life of Jesus.

Study book, "Jesus in the Records," Sharman.

Leader: Miss E. Miller.

Convenor: Elizabeth Farryan.

Group: Junior girls.

Meetings: Tuesday evening.

#### IV.—Topic: Same as Group III.

Leader: Geo. W. Haythorne.

Conveners: Margaret Moon, Walter Love.

Group: Junior students.

Meetings: Tuesday afternoon.

#### V.—Topic: Same as Group III.

This group will work on the first half of the course.

Leader: Dr. E. W. Sheldon.

Convenor: George Campbell.

Group: Senior men.

Meetings: Wednesday evening.

#### VI.—Topic: Same as Group III.

This group will cover the second half of the book.

Leader: Geo. V. Haythorne.

Conveners: Helen Bolton, Lorne Oatway.

Group: Senior students.

Meetings: Section 1, Monday afternoon.

Section 2, Thursday afternoon.

#### VII.—Topic: Social Service.

Leader: Mrs. E. A. Ottewell.

Convenor: Phyllis Collier.

Group: Girls.

Meetings: Tuesday afternoon.

#### VIII.—Topic: The Place of Christianity in Our Modern Social Order.

Leader: Mr. E. M. Roper.

Convenor: Bill Watson.

Group: Senior students.

Meetings: Wednesday afternoon.

#### IX.—Topic: The Challenge of Russia.

Leader: Mr. A. E. Ottewell.

Convenor: Howard Smith.

Group: Senior students.

Meetings: Sunday, 9:45 a.m.

#### X.—Topic: Religion and Life.

Convenor: Harold Richer.

Group: St. Stephen's College men.

#### XI.—Topic: The Writings of Paul.

Group: Graduates and others.

Information concerning these groups may be had from Geo. V. Haythorne, the general secretary, or

Dwight Williams, chairman of the executive, at the S.C.M. Office, Room 159 Arts.

Study books may be obtained at the office.

time into the numerator on the "D" scale.

#### Then in MULTIPLYING

If  $(S_n - R_n)$  is greater than or equal to 1, it equals the No. of digits to left of DP in the answer.

If  $(S_n - R_n) < 1$ , its numerical value equals the No. of zeros to right of DP in the answer.

#### In DIVIDING

Let  $N = S_n - R_n - S_d + R_d$ .

If  $N$  is greater than or equal to 1, it equals No. digits to left

DP in the answer.

If  $N < 1$ , its numerical value equals the No. of zeros to right of DP.

#### Example

$321 \times 0.0016$

$.120 \times 108 = 103?$

Here  $S_n = 3 - 2 = 1$

$R_n = 0, S_d = -0 + 3 = 3$

$R_d = 2$

Therefore  $N = 1 - 0 - 3 + 2 = 0$ ,

&lt;p



# SPORTS



## VARSITY HOCKEY MEN ORGANIZE

Trainer Sparks to Electrify Teams  
by Pre-Season Training  
Program

First steps on the road to the city hockey title were taken by the University hockeyists at an organization meeting held by President Garrison on Tuesday. Coach Fridfinnson, of last year's Green and Gold squad, was there with his usual optimism, and states that he hopes to get in the playoffs again this year.

Among last year's players that were seen were Al Hall, captain, Dooley Ross, Tollington, Klausen and Freddy King. The defence position that was left vacant by the graduation of Bill Montgomery will have several candidates lined up. Don Gibson, formerly of Drumheller, will be out, as will Gardiner, a former player here, but who was with the Coleman entry in the south of the province last winter.

Fred King and Gord Tollington were the only two forwards of last year's team that were seen at the meeting, but there were many likely-looking aspirants. Stub Kinnean, who starred with the intermediates last fall, has put on a lot of weight, and will be hard to keep off the team this year. A husky by the name of Clements that played with Vegreville last winter was there, and as he is right-handed, may be able to take Jake Dorsey's place on the right flank. There were a total of 13 former senior players at the gathering, and Coach Fridfinnson expressed a feeling of optimism about the prospects for the coming season.

Pre-season conditioning under the direction of Trainer Sparks will commence this week, and it is vital that the men get into good shape by the start of the playing season.

## DONALDSON, GAUDIN PILOT FOOTER TEAM TO VICTORY IN DRAGOON CUP SERIES

(Continued from page 1)

Varsity took the ball well up, but the Legion backs cleared and play returned to the Varsity end. Page had to come out of his goal to clear. Johnston, Legion center, burst clear through, but lost the ball over the goal line. Legion missed the corner, and Page kicked out. The ball was at midfield. The Legion attacked, and Duguid and Johnston were clear through only to miss the goal on the shot. The Legion again attacked hotly, and Page again had to throw clear, having no time to kick after Smith's shot. Varsity again attacked and was awarded a free kick at center field. Convey booted well to the goal mouth, and Varsity came close to scoring, but Hoyle got the ball away.

Duguid took the ball for the Legion and shot on goal, only to miss again. Page made a lovely save on a high shot from Johnston. Hunter crossed the corner right in front of the goal, but Page threw to Donaldson, and Ad kicked well up the field. Varsity attacked and Turner shot low for the corner, only to have Mann get his hands on it and turn it around the post. Legion cleared and returned the ball to the Varsity end of the field. Hunter took a corner shot from Pugh, and missed the goal by inches. The Legion was having the best of the play all the way through, but the occasional Varsity sallies were dangerous. The play went to midfield, and the Varsity forwards began to get more of the play, although they were unable to get through for a try on goal. On an attack with Turner, Ritchie got clear through, but Hoyle saved. The Legion attacked, and Johnston made a nice opening for Duguid, who missed the shot. The Legion attacked and looked dangerous, but Hamilton broke up the attack and kicked clear to center field. The Legion came in and again missed the shot on goal. Page cleared corner, and Convey kicked well up. Woznow, Turner and Gaudin got through with only Hoyle to beat, but Hoyle robbed Gaudin and kicked clear. The Legion attacked and forced another corner. Duguid's kick was wide, but the soldiers again pressed hard, but kicked out on the goal line. Hamilton kicked well up the field as the whistle blew for half time.

### Second Half

Varsity started fast after the rest and carried the ball well into the Legion end. Both Turner and Woznow got in hot ones on Mann, who managed to save both, but it was very close. The Legion removed the pressure, and play went to midfield. Donaldson broke up Legion attack, but the soldiers recovered, and press-

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## LATE DEVELOPMENTS IN SENIOR HOCKEY

Lloyd Garrison and Jack Cameron  
Dope Out Activities—Frid-  
finnson Coaches

Plans are in completion for a successful season of senior and interfac hockey for this year. Tuesday's meeting of Varsity hockey moguls was well attended, much interest was shown and keen hockey is anticipated. Lloyd Garrison is promoting this year's scheme, and the team is fortunate in securing Jack Cameron as senior manager. Jack is as yet uninitiated, but with planning and work should be able to handle things to advantage. Freddy Sparks, sawbones in chief, has been appointed trainer, and Freddy announces that training is to be carried out on rigid schedule, and that his team is going to train on something other "than their stomachs." In this respect Flash Sparks will certainly not emulate Napoleon.

Chris Fridfinnson, popular coach of last year, is re-engaged, and spoke a few words to the boys. He claims that Varsity can again field a team of high worth.

Enough material is at hand for at least three teams, and with a system of pre-seasonal training the boys should be ready with the gong.

The Senior B team of last year will be entered in the intermediate section. It is hoped that a trip to Manitoba will be possible this winter—it will be decided by November 11. Dooley Ross, the Impenetrable (not to women) will again be between the pipes. Klassen, Tollington, Al Hall, King and Joe Willans will all be on hand again. Gardner of two years ago is expected to be back in harness. A newcomer, Marsh, of Drumheller, has put in an appearance. He is expected to do well. With this aggregation under the able tutelage of Chris, Varsity should go far. But, fellows, don't forget to come back.

ed in again. Ad again cleared. Ritchie got the ball into the Legion end and passed to the goal mouth, but no one was there, and the Legion cleared. Pugh and Duguid got clear through for the Legion, but Convey raced up from behind and took the ball. Duguid got in a shot in the next attack, but Page saved for a corner, and Turner headed clear. Varsity went up, but Legion again kicked clear. Woznow, Turner and Howell took the ball into the scoring area, but Turner kicked over the goal. Howell got clear and passed to Turner to Woznow, but the latter missed the shot. The Varsity kept the ball in the Legion end, but couldn't register. Turner and Howell got away, but Woznow lost the ball to Holmes. McConnell kicked well up, but the Varsity forwards missed the ball, and it went out. Varsity kept pressing, and the Legion was only able to get away on a few occasions during this half. Good old Ed was there, and the results of his hieroglyphics: Whistle; kick-off by "Corrie's" Beavers. McLennan made a nice run, but lost to back. First down Sci. Ford to Gardiner; good run, Dan Ford kicked back over his head to give Arts a 20 yard gain. Last down for Arts. Jackson kicked; ball run back (not the ball, the fellow, I mean). Sci kicked. Skiv made nice run back. Poor pass, Chris to Skiv; lost ball. Sci kicked; Gardiner was on and grabbed it. Good old Ed was tackled him in grand style. This man Mooney is tackling well and has his knife out for Jackson. Mooney intercepts pass and runs 60 yards for a touchdown. Sci up 5-0. Drag kick by Gardiner puts Sci up 6-0. "Toughy" Rammelson is off for gouging, biting and general abusive tactics. Oh, Dirty Rammelson—boo! Dan

Lineups:

## Engineers Defeat

### Arts Squad 10-1

"Skiv" Edwards, McLennan, Hargreaves, Ford and Gardiner Star in Keenly Contested Game

The score of the last interfac game is not at all indicative of comparative strength, and the struggle was one of the most keenly contested games of the schedule. The final will be decided this Saturday, when the Sci squad again face the Arts to decide the verdict.

It was real rugby, and the way those boys did tackle and plunge was barbarian's joy. Good old Skiv was a star again, and his language delighted the old Sclerotic heart of the President of the E.D.C. (Edmonton Dirty Club), and though Skiv played a brilliant game, his language in this regard well-nigh outshone it. How that man can talk! What a man! Art McLennan tackled right to the shoe-lace, and the manner in which Jack Ford got his punts off (yes, punts, not pants) was a big asset to the Sci aggregation. Chris Jackson played grand football—but listen, Chris—as the onlooker sees it. You run well and you have plenty of what is unpopularly known as "guts." But here's a point. You cut in too quickly to allow an extended run, which invariably results in your not giving your halves a chance at the ball. Perhaps a more lateral running and a little passing would speed your play greatly and allow more chance for points. That's all, Chris. But we're wandering. Here's an account from a punk reporter sent to cover the game. It's well-nigh unintelligible, but here are the results of his hieroglyphics: Whistle; kick-off by "Corrie's" Beavers. McLennan made a nice run, but lost to back. First down Sci. Ford to Gardiner; good run, Dan Ford kicked back over his head to give Arts a 20 yard gain. Last down for Arts. Jackson kicked; ball run back (not the ball, the fellow, I mean). Sci kicked. Skiv made nice run back. Poor pass, Chris to Skiv; lost ball. Sci kicked; Gardiner was on and grabbed it. Good old Ed was tackled him in grand style. This man Mooney is tackling well and has his knife out for Jackson. Mooney intercepts pass and runs 60 yards for a touchdown. Sci up 5-0. Drag kick by Gardiner puts Sci up 6-0. "Toughy" Rammelson is off for gouging, biting and general abusive tactics. Oh, Dirty Rammelson—boo! Dan

Score, 10-0.

Skiv kicked off to Pitcher. Ken Ford makes nice broken field run of day. It was a grand game. Final whistle. Come on everyone, turn out Saturday to the final. See a real game, and just listen to this boy Ed.

Lineups:

## SOCCER GAME

### UNIVERSITY SENIORS

### EDMONTON ALL-STARS

DIAMOND PARK SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 3 p.m.

Let's give them some support. They more than deserve it.

## SPLASH AND GURGLE BECOME ALL WET

Tickets Are Cheaper This Year—  
Diving Board Wrecked, Weak  
in the Spring

The Swimming Club held its first meeting for the season on Tuesday night, Oct. 20, at the Y.W.C.A. The turnout was excellent, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Most of the old swimmers are back, and there are some very promising new members, including Evelyn Barnett and Kay Swallow.

In spite of the fact that the diving board was out of commission for the evening, by next time it will be repaired, and we hope to see some spectacular diving.

The tickets are cheaper this year and the season is longer, so turn out everyone and enjoy yourself. The coach will be present next Tuesday, so anyone who wants to make the team which is going to compete against Saskatchewan, be sure to turn out and practice.

Tickets may be bought any time from members of the executive.

close to the Varsity goal line, but Varsity backs got the ball away.

Legion attacked, but Page took Duguid's shot easily and Donaldson kicked well down. Legion pressed, but Page got the ball and cleared. Legion came in again, but Hamilton kicked clear. The Legion tore in, and Donaldson broke up the play and kicked another long one down the field. Varsity forwards pressed, but Hoyle and Holmes teamed up to break the play, and the ball again went into Varsity territory.

Legion went in, and Smith shot when he had Page beaten, but the ball went wide of the goal. Legion threw in

## SWIMMING CLUB



The Swimming Club has again opened with the proverbial large splash. President Ted Baker is shown above practising his well known bottle dive. This spectacular feat has won him great renown in all the best dives in town.

## R. N. STEPHENS NEW BASKETBALL COACH

Many of Last Year's Players Again  
Turn Out—McBeith Back

Al McGill, President of Men's

Basketball, has announced that Mr. R. N. Stephens has been chosen as senior basketball coach. Mr. Stephens is a popular choice, and his services are welcomed at Varsity. Formerly he was athletic director in the Toronto Y.M.C.A., and should know his basketball. Frank Kennedy has been chosen as manager. Of last year's team we lack the services of Gordon Keel, Shandro, Killick and Al Carscallen. Jimmy McBeith is again in our midst, having played last year for Calgary Wildcats. Buzz Fenerty, Mert Keel, Addie Donaldson, Vi Woods, McBeith and Bill Pullishy are all with us again. These men are ready to strut their stuff, and we're all behind them.

Lineups:

Canadian Legion: Mann, Hoyle, Holmes, Martin, Ditchburn, McLean, Pugh, Duguid, Johnston, Smith, Hunter; subs, Lidgett, Smith.

Varsity: Page, Donaldson, Hamilton, Brown, Convey, McConnel, Ritchie, Turner, Gaudin, Howells, Woznow; subs, Carlyle, Davies.

## SPORTING SLANTS By C.J.J.

Well, the week-end seems to have been pretty successful for Alberta, what with winning the tennis against Saskatchewan and snatching the Dragoon Cup from the Legion. And then there was the Wauneta!

Helen Mahaffy and Priscilla Hammon played wonderful tennis—the former particularly in the mixed doubles, when she was exchanging drives with Shaw, and the latter when she came from behind in the third set winning five straight games, to take the set and win the tournament. Mert Keel gave a fine display against Shaws.

The soccer team deserve a lot of praise—minor sports round here get too little attention. They've turned in an unbeaten record and won the Dragoon Cup, emblematic of the city championship, from the best senior teams. Gaudin, Paige and Donaldson all turned in stellar performances. But the whole team played hard and fast.

I see in a local paper: "That Addie Donaldson turned in one of the finest displays at full-back ever seen in Edmonton." Nice going, Addie.

We'd like to see these boys down at Saskatchewan. How about it?

The Calgary Junior team didn't turn out to be as strong as it had been reported to be, for in spite of some hard breaks they took a decisive beating. Austin, our Eric's little brother, played a good game.

Talking of interfac rugby, did anybody see "Three Touch Cooper" last Friday? By the way Science are going, it looks as if they are a pretty safe bet for the championship.

The senior team are still training hard, and have strengthened their attack with one or two brand new plays, which we hope will bring devastation to the enemy. Here's wishing you luck in your next two games, and if you don't win—well, we know it won't be through not trying.

Putnam, Hargreaves, Teviotdale, Preston, McNeill, Bowker.

Sci: Hawkins, Hargreaves, Sasinsky, Pitfield, Lilge, Keates, Kinnean, Campbell, Morrison, McConnell, Mooney, Keith, Pitcher, Prior, K. Ford, Smith, Freeze, Gardiner, J. Ford.

Arts: Edwards, Jackson, McLennan, Kostash, Beavers, Kipp, Ward, Wright, Rammelson, Sayers, Dunlap, Oh.

## INTERFAC HOCKEY GETS UNDER WAY

Harvey Fish Gets Boys Lined Up  
for Big Season

On Wednesday evening a meeting of interfac hockey enthusiasts was held and largely attended by a number of interested players. Harvey Fish, president, was in the chair. The more we see of interfac sports the more firmly are we convinced that through this medium alone can championship senior teams be built. Players of high calibre can be recruited from these ranks to bolster up senior lineups for subsequent years.

Interfac hockey this year is grouped into four ranks so as to provide more balanced teams. Four teams are represented as follows, with their respective managers:

Arts: Jack Badner.  
Ad-Com-Law-Pharm: Bill Mead.  
Med-Dents: Lorne Oatway.  
Science: Bill Murray.

Harvey will be remembered by all for his good work and satisfactory results of last year. He is hoping to be able to secure satisfactory hours for all teams. The schedule as tentatively arranged provides for two games per week for each team, thus giving all faculties ample chance to obtain their share of fun. A new set of pads, goal gloves and body protectors have been procured, and with an adequate number of sweaters and sticks provided, there is no dearth of equipment. The management wishes to get under way at the earliest possible moment, and real strong teams and keen competition are promised. Let's go, Interfac.

## INTERFAC. RUGBY FINAL ENGINEERS vs. ARTS

The final of the Interfac. Rugby League will be held Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2 p.m., at the Varsity Grid.

If you want to see a real game turn out to this. Let's go, students!

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Students use Athletic Cards

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## The Material Monuments of L. C. Smith

"A Welcome Return"

Congratulations, we feel, are due to the management of the Rialto Theatre on their presentation of a real, honest-to-God, flesh-and-blood, brass-and-string orchestra. It is a most welcome offset to the canned music of the talkies, and, this week especially, the orchestra have been serving up some fine entertainment. By "this" week we mean the week ending on October 17th. "Jungle Drums" was an especially pleasing number. We do not know the composer of this piece, but it was a most happy type of cross between the famous "Turkish Patrol" as played by the Coldstream Guards under Lieutenant R. G. Evans and the well-known theme song of the film "Untamed" as played on the Wurlitzer by Jesse Crawford. A xylophone solo by a member of Al Preston's band was also good, but the rendering of a Luigini masterpiece was somewhat detracted from by the assistance of a danseuse whose performance was restricted by reason of the small area in which she was constrained to perform. The lady was constantly in danger of either falling completely off the stage or becoming tangled up in 'cello, this being the more unfortunate because she seemed to realize it and to cramp her movements accordingly.

### Mr. Maurice Colbourne Steps Out

It may be of interest to those concerned with local theatricals to know that Mr. Maurice Colbourne, whose Shaw players have made three brilliantly successful tours of Canada, is now flying even higher in the dramatic world. Partnered by Mr. Barry Jones, whose "King Magnus" in Shaw's "Apple Cart" was an outstanding piece of work in New York, he opened at the Ambassadors Theatre in London, England, on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, with Robert E. Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband." Both Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Jones were popular figures in the States, and it remains to be seen how successful they will be with their first London presentation, and their collaboration with Mr. Colbourne. Mr. Colbourne, like J. B. Fagan, is a product of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. No actual reason is given for his desertion from Shavian allegiance. Perhaps it is only temporary.

### A Fragment

We apologize for yet one more reference to matters histrionic, but we feel we cannot neglect to mention a most delightful short film which we were fortunate enough to see at the Capitol a short time ago. We say we were fortunate in seeing it, more especially because the piece was not advertised in any but the most offhand way. Willie Bobyn was the leading figure and his voice his fortune. Not since we heard Robert Chisholm's rendering of "La Rêve Passe" have we been vocally entertained to such a surprising degree of satisfaction as we were at the Capitol. Nor was this all. The picture was a model of perfect continuity, and a marvellous example of how consummate artistry can make a mighty lot out of precious little.

### Things Aeronautic

"What in the Hell," said the cabhorse, "is that thing doing up there?" This classic sentence, for wealth of meaning worthy of Bacon himself, was the opening of an essay by a 12-year-old Bristol (not Borstal) boy. The subject under treatment was that of a comparison between old time and modern travelling facilities, and to render the treatment easier the composition was to take the form

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## On Being Swindled

There is nothing like it. After the first shock wears off and you become used to putting your hand into an empty pocketbook, you begin almost to enjoy the sensation of having been swindled. You realize that for the next three or four or five months, as the case may be, you will have to walk overtown, foregoing the luxury of street-car service; that, for the next decade or more, you will not be justified in feeling an interesting in coming shows or plays; you realize all this, and more, but at the same time you are conscious of having gained something, however intangible it may be, that helps definitely to make up for your more tangible loss. New thrills and satisfactions visit you, an entirely novel feeling of self-importance steals over you—you realize that no matter what the swindler gets out of it, the swindlee also has his compensation.

### Philosophy Plus

To begin with, you can tell yourself over and over again, in innumerable ways, how much worse it might have been—a cheap enough enjoyment, if there ever was one. An enormous amount of pleasure is available to you, as swindlee, in the realization that the smooth talker might have parted you from that extra fifty, or that extra hundred, or indeed, from the whole year's income. You can even enjoy yourself in the thought of how much worse it would have been if you had allowed yourself to incur tremendous debts (which no one would have given you, of course) for the benefit of said swindler. Such reflections cost nothing, at least.

### Wuxtry, Wuxtry!

Again, you can pay the Bulletin or the Journal the paltry sum of fifteen cents a week (if you have that much left) and feel that you are getting value back tenfold. The paper now has a real live interest for you, and you look at the picture of the aforementioned swindler on the front page, and say to yourself with pride, "It was I who helped to put that picture

there." You read about other people who were taken in, either in the same way or in other ways, and no matter how great or little they seem to lose, there is the feeling of interest in the reading—and of satisfaction. If you hear of someone who lost less than you did, you feel: "So! I have always heard that he was quite well off, but apparently he didn't have as much to lose as I did." When you hear of someone who lost much more, this lessens the feeling of satisfaction not in the least, for you think: "Aha! he is always considered a very clever, capable business head, but see, he was taken for more than I was."

You read of how smooth and plausible the swindler was, and you wonder with a certain new kind of pride why such an accomplished crook ever bothered with you at all. You read accounts of how so many of the town's smartest business men were taken in, and there comes to you that once-in-a-lifetime feeling of satisfaction that results from being classed publicly with the "town's smartest business men." You had long realized that you belonged in that classification, of course, but you are at last getting general recognition.

### Angel Cake: Soul Food

Not to be overlooked is the feeling of companionship, the sense of oneness with one's fellow-creatures, which they say is a very excellent thing for the human soul. You hear another's account of how the swindler took him in, and for how much—you compare notes, and immediately you are on common ground. Comes a

feeling of sympathy, of friendship, particularly if yours has been the greater loss—then it is so easy to expand, to use generous terms, to comfort the other by a comparison of losses, to point out how much worse the hold-up might have been; as bad as your own, for instance; in a word, it is so easy to sound wealthy, magnanimous (new and wonderful sensation!).

Yes, there's much to be said for the swindler, but the swindlee gets something out of it, too.

—M.

## FISH FUR

By the Kanteloupe Kid

From my point of view the Wauneta was a most amazing affair. The speaker averred that the discovery leading to the invention was just a mistake. "He was playing about with two pieces of live wire," were the words used. All we can say to refute this is that no one plays about with live wire unless for some very good reason. So, while we consign the street car cynic to deepest purgatory, we find something supremely poetical in the thought that he who made artificial light on earth must now be seeing the Eternal Light of a "far, far better place."

"Oh youth, what is you say?" "A volcano," according to an answer in a boy's examination paper, "is a mountain, and if you go to the top you can see the Creator smoking."

### SNOW USE

Wot a nice  
Poetic thought.  
Wot, I mean  
Is. Isn't it  
Oh. Just nice?  
I mean. To  
See them big  
Trees. Yes.  
Them great big  
Trees. Empty.  
Ing. Their own  
Trunks. To  
Find. Nice  
Leafy. Nice  
Soft covers.  
For Mother Earth.  
For winter.  
Nasty old winter.  
Wot a nice.  
Poetic thought.  
Wot I mean. Is.  
Isn't it.  
Nice?  
—Thank you.  
—Union of Gateway Poets.

### LOVE

Now you're gone and the mention of your name still sets off peculiar reflexes through my system. My nostrils dilate; my respiration increases; my blood flow increases; metabolism is advanced; pulse is accelerated; lacrimal ducts secrete; continued thought is inhibited. . . . I guess I sort of liked you. —Ex.

conclusion of each dance the ladies rush to the south wall and arrange themselves in a rosybiv manner. The gentlemen now survey the beauteous assemblage, and instantly locate the flame with whom he flickers for the next dance. Ladies without a pre-arranged pow-wow must not erect their plumage until all booked dances have started, after which they may hoist the hue of battle and go on the warpath.

### The Vanishing Indian

The dance ended, and my partner vanished. Probably it was just as well for me that the interview had terminated, because her next suggestion would have involved the idea of souvenirs for the ladies—in the form of a bit of scalp or a handful of hair. The whole proposition reeked of insanity, and yet as I surveyed the jostling mess it was apparent that in some cases a plume would be quite at home above the war paint.

Think of the personalities that would be revealed in a color selection, that names cannot possibly indicate. Red, white, yellow, green, blue, black—what possibilities! Some gourmets could select orange or salmon; while another type have platinum or gold to attract them. Here's your chance, girls. Use your own discretion and rate yourselves colorimetrically. Just in case this idea should be adopted by the co-eds, it might be as well for the males if they equipped themselves with Indian clubs and scalps for the next house dance. The odds would still be against them getting out alive.

### Trees a Crowd

Have you ever been lost in a deep forest far from the nearest settlement? Have you ever wandered far into a foothills ranch only to discover that you were hopelessly off the beaten paths? Have you ever tramped across desert wastes in a futile effort to reach home, with absolutely no sense of direction? Possibly not, but just imagine yourself in such a situation. Nights with nothing but bats, field mice and cactus plants for company.

One never knows when just such an accident will happen, and it is well to be prepared for an emergency. Many suggestions have been offered for use on such occasions, and they all advise the victim to keep cool. Excellent advice, of course, but the rest of the idea is usually worthless, so why bother adding a refrigerator to the luggage? Here is a complete and infallible method of extricating a person lost under any circumstances.

When the victim realizes that he has lost his bearings he simply removes his pack and extracts a deck of cards. Deal a hand of solitaire. Before the game is half completed, some bearded kibitzer will lean over and place the black jack on the red queen. This simply must happen—the woods and fields are full of kibitzers. Stop the game at this point, replace the deck of cards, replace the pack and follow your new found friend to safety.

P.S.—There is just one occasion on which the plan is not guaranteed. It will not work at Varsity dances. There are so many kibitzers that the victim would be lost all over again.

### THE TRAVELLERS

Here, in a great bay  
With its fringe of reeds,  
We make our stay.  
A little isle of rock,  
Shelter, a fire—  
And, with the endless clock  
Bringing a new day,  
Old duty, new desire  
Drives us away.

—O. R. W.

## THEATRE REVIEWS

### Where to Go

Showing Now:  
"Huckleberry Finn," Princess.  
"Outward Bound," Strand.  
"Salvation Nell," Rialto.  
"Waterloo Bridge," Capitol.

Starting Saturday, Oct. 31:  
"Personal Maid," Strand.  
"Cisco Kid," Capitol.

Starting Monday, Nov. 2:  
"Transatlantic," Princess.  
"Hell's Angels," Rialto.

Starting Wednesday, Nov. 4:  
"Mother's Millions," Strand.  
"Twenty-four Hours," Capitol.

turesque outlaw and a hard-boiled cavalry sergeant finding themselves pitted against each other in this land of romance. Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe play the parts of the bandit and of the sergeant, with Conchita Montenegro also in the cast.

"Transatlantic," at the Princess Theatre, starting Monday, again brings us Edmund Lowe, this time as a gambler anxiously sought by the police. His adventures, both amatory and otherwise aboard the ship where the scene is laid, prove amusing and interesting. There is a prominent supporting cast, including Lois Moran, Jean Hersholt, Myrna Loy and Greta Nissen.

"Hell's Angels," showing at the Rialto Theatre, starting Monday, is an epic play which appeared here before and about which little need be said. It is certainly one of the most stupendous air spectacles that has ever been filmed, and this alone would make it worth seeing. The cast is good, and the plot, although quite common, is for the greater part well acted. Jean Harlow, Ben Lyons and James Hall take the leading parts.

"Salvation Nell," showing at the Rialto Theatre today and Saturday, is the story of a girl who is trying to save the man she loves from the lowest fate to which a man can fall. Helen Chandler plays the part of a Salvation Army worker, who is stationed in the poorest section of a large city. The scene is laid in cheap dance halls and in street revival meetings, and provides a pathos throughout which makes the show worth seeing. Ralph Graves and Sally O'Neil are co-stars in the picture.

"Personal Maid," showing at the Strand Theatre, starting Saturday, is the story of a girl who tires of the squalor and poverty of her east side home and gets herself a job as a personal maid in a Park Avenue home. She becomes involved in many ways in trying to keep the son of the family out of trouble. She meets another man, who falls in love with her, but she repulses him, and finally marries the son, reforming him. Nancy Carroll takes the leading part.

—

"Cisco Kid," showing at the Capitol Theatre, starting Saturday, is a tale of the old southwest. The story of one woman's kindness and another's loyalty, and the dual romance that came about as a result of a pic-

### THE CHIMES

Soon, soon—the bells say  
Comes the awaking—  
Soon, soon—the eastern sky  
Heralds day breaking.

Soon, soon—the toil starts,  
Dreaming is over.  
Soon, soon—the endless road  
Beckons the rover.

Soon, soon—the challenge  
To bold and to clever.  
Soon, soon—that Night comes  
Which lasts forever.

—O. R. W.

Commerce Prof.: Can anyone tell me the best way to learn book-keeping?

Tiny: Yes, sir; don't lend them.

Oysters will soon be in season. The swallow that meets the Autumn.

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## SIGNALS

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—At great expense, a play by play broadcast of the Waunitea reception has been secured. The following is exactly as it was broadcasted over the University station last Saturday night.)

Good evening, everybody! This is C.K.U.A., the University of Alberta, bringing to you a play by play broadcast of the annual clash between the men and women students of the U. of A. This quaint struggle is known by the name of Waunitea, and is held every year some time during the month of October. It is now seven forty-four o'clock, and as the game is billed to start at seven forty-five sharp, I'll spend the last sixty seconds giving you the low-down on the two teams. The women's team, headed by Margaret Kinney, is rated as the strongest in years, and will certainly be out to get the men's scalps tonight. Miss Kinney, as you remember, garnered in fifteen points for her team in the encounter last year, and it is expected that she will do things in a big way this evening. The men's team, while not quite as formidable as in past years, will none the less, put up a real fight for the laurels. In their ranks we find such old veterans as Pete Pitcher, who is playing for the third time this year. Larry Alexander has been prominent in clashes of this nature for four seasons now, and it is expected that he will be among some of the high scorers for the men.

I'm sorry, but as the teams are beginning to file out on the floor now, I'll have to settle down to business, and see if I can't give you a red-hot play by play running commentary on the game. The referee, Miss F. Dodd, is in the centre of the floor with the two teams gathered around her, and she is cautioning them as to which holds have been barred by the recent ruling of the F.C.B.O.I.S.O.H.G. It is expected that the new forward pass ruling will cause little confusion, as one cannot pass the ball without three yards leeway, but the various coaches have been hard at work training, and they both expect that the game will be fast and clean.

Well, the preliminaries are over, and the teams are lining up. Dr. Wallace, the president of the university, has been persuaded to start the game. Hang on to your chairs everybody! Here they go!

The men are taking a rapid offensive, and the women are obviously suffering, especially in the neighborhood of the feet. The five spectators, or as they are commonly called "patrons and patronesses," are cheering themselves hoarse as the game swings rapidly from one end of the floor to the other. Look out! Look out! Barb. Pitfield is tearing off about fifteen yards around left end, but Betty Cooper is in there with a neat tackle, and it's first down for the men, at about the centre of the floor. Ted Baker is in there calling signals, but a stinging tackle by Marg Dickson has him spiked. A look of anguish is on quarterback Baker's face, but he's up again, and will carry on. The coach of the men's team, "One Yard" Morgan, insists on taking time out, but the men refuse. Third down! They'll have to kick! And how they kick. It's a long twisty spiral, and it's sailing for the right sidelines. It crosses the right sidelines! It's disappeared into the bass horn! Wow! What a game! The players haven't missed it yet, and they go right on with the match! How I wish you could see this game!

### NOTICE

All new reporters are requested to look up the news allotted to them on the assignment sheet each week in The Gateway office. Come Monday so that you will have time to get your write-up in early. The assignment sheet will be on the east wall near the door.

### ONE-ACT PLAY OBSESSIONS

Dramat Committees Submerged Under Quantities of One-act Plays

"Do you know of a good one-act play?" in this week's theme song about twelve harassed individuals known as committees, who by now are all wearing spectacles and taking notes in dialogue form. Until you begin to look for one, you don't realize what millions of plays there are, and how few see ninety-nine thousands of them can be. Our choice has to be made carefully, for we know that the audience, being University students, cannot stand heavy tragedy and yet should be able to appreciate something better than farce. If it can't, then we shall try to please the pros. Barrie and Shaw are the popular authors of the type of play we want, but four plays of Shaw, yes, even the great G.B.S., might prove too much for one evening, so we continue to bother the librarians in the Great Search.

The elimination process has begun in most classes, for the choice must be submitted to the Dramat executive by November 1st. The Fresh are handicapped in making their selection by not knowing what material they will have from which to pick a cast. There seems to be a great deal of enthusiasm about Fresh Dramat this year, though. As far as we can tell, each and every member of the class seems to be planning on appearing for the try-outs. Which is a good thing.

The other classes are trying to find plays which will suit the dramatic ability of their members—no easy task.

The Seniors, being very blasé, were the last to organize. Their meeting took place last Friday, and was presided over by Aileen Harmon, Senior Rep. on the Dramat. There was quite a good turn out; Dorothy Riley and Austin Dobry were elected to form, with Aileen Harmon, a committee to choose a suitable play. Several suggestions were brought up for consideration at the meeting.

There are some excellent actors and actresses at Varsity this year. In the Vitaphone production of "Outward Bound," praised in three pages of the Literary Digest, the acting was no better, on the whole, than that seen in our own version of the play last spring. So it is up to the committees to choose their plays wisely and give all available talent the opportunity of expression.

There are plenty of plays of the worth-while variety—the kind people remember, which are at the same time amusing or intriguing. If the various committees do their part in choosing such plays, we feel sure their classes will come to the try-outs, which should begin about the end of next week, to support them.

How's your mother?

### MINING AND GEOL. SOCIETY MEETING

Dr. Cameron Speaker Last Friday  
—Dealt With Work Done by Research Council

Is it fast or is it just fast? And the most beautiful weather too. It seems to be snowing slightly, but there's a grand moon, which provides just the right quantity of light. Jussamine! I almost forgot I was broadcasting. Zowie! Marg Kinney, the women's captain, has taken a plunge right through centre with Marg Moore and Gwen Nixon running interference. Larry Alexander and Jack Ford smack the interference for a loss, and Bill Hole is there when Marg Kinney gets through. They've made a small gain of about four yards, and about three pairs of feet. The fight is rapidly getting worse.

Well, there goes the whistle for half time, and we'll have a few minutes off while the teams get rested. And there's no score yet. Let me tell you this is something like a game, and when I say game I mean game. Please stand by for a few minutes while I step out for a wee snort of lemon juice.

(Interval of half an hour.)

Well, here we are again. The teams are looking absolutely rested, and all are eager for the last half. The men kick off, and Kae Craig runs the kick-off back for about forty yards before Wilbur Bowker finally stops her. That sure is a good start. First down, women, on their own forty-five yard line. Their play is a forward pass, but Reg Moir intercepts, and is away. He sees a chance for a getaway, and reversing his field, gets going. Oh, tough luck, Reg! In reversing his field, he got snared in a lot of messy interference, and he's down. Better luck next time!

The women have suddenly been reinforced by the arrival of Edna Wright, who was with the Saskatchewan team. Displaying perfect form, she swings into action and takes out Eddie Foy SO SO. Well, we're glad she took him out, because while the men are going to miss Eddie, yet friend Edna seems to be a heavy triple threat player. Her tactics seem to be catching. The men are rapidly taking the women out, and pretty soon there'll be nearly enough room to really see what's happening. That seems to be a good idea, and if you'll excuse me, I'll see if I can't find a nice little girl who'd like to have me take her out. So-o-o long everybody. I'll be back to tell you the final score. Well, perhaps I won't be, so I might as well tell you right now that it's still 0-0, and there's no prospect of anything further happening. Good night, folks; see you soon!

### INTERFAC. BASKETBALL MEETING

An Interfac Basketball meeting is to be held in Room 111, Arts, Friday, October 30, at 4:30 p.m. Everyone interested is expected to be on the scene—we won't keep you long. Recall the good times we had last year, and turn out to make this year's league bigger and better than ever. See you at the meeting!

JACK FORD,  
Pres. Interfac. Basketball.

## Varsity Variety Veritably Wonderful Wonder of Wonders

Frosh Put on Interesting Program Friday Night—Probably Millions Listening in

By this time radio fans will be familiar with the "Varsity Variety" program which comes on the air from 7:15-7:45 every Friday night.

The program on Oct. 16 was handled in a very efficient manner by the naive Freshmen, with Hugh Arnold as organizer.

The program consisted of musical selections interspersed with red-hot news flashes sent out by Bert Cairns, and an interesting short talk given by Prof. Matthews.

The musical numbers were contributed by the Freshmen.

Mr. Clements and Mr. Joslin played a saxophone and piano duet, "Here Comes the Sun," in a very vivacious manner.

"St. Louis Blues," the piano selection of Mr. Clarence Cooke, was given with such pathos that certain men in the studio were compelled to wipe tears from their eyes.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Johnson gave a duet, "Old Man River."

Mr. Cranston played the piano selection, "Two Larks" with the touch of a master.

Last Friday, Oct. 23, the sophisticated Sophomores took over the Varsity Variety broadcast. This program also was competently organized by Hugh Arnold. Bert Cairns gave a

A vocal solo, "The World's Waiting for the Sunrise" was beautifully rendered by Mr. Gordon Sprague.

Miss Theo Molstad, the first girl to participate in these radio broadcasts, gave a piano solo, "Ballade in A Flat." She displayed amazing technique and richness of expression in her interpretation.

The program concluded with a trombone solo, "I Love You Truly," effectively played by Mr. Dick Holten.

The Juniors take to the air this Friday. The Frosh and Sophs have set a commendable record for them to match.

CKUA has secured from the British Broadcasting Co. the right to broadcast certain plays written especially for the radio.

The first of these plays will be given at 8:00 p.m. Monday, Oct. 2. It is entitled "The Key to the Situation" or "What a mercy things didn't happen like that in real life," by Lance Sieveking.

At this time particularly, when public and private burdens are weighing heavily upon the taxpayers, the deprivations of misguided and irresponsible youths under the cloak of innocent amusement, is to be looked upon as deplorable. We understand that the chief offenders are young men between the ages of fifteen and twenty. One would imagine that young men of this age would anticipate the responsibilities of men. The attainment of citizenship by assuming in some small measure increasing extent of atrocities perpetrated under the guise of Hallowe'en fun casts the doubt upon the possibilities of impressing these youths with the folly and criminality of their actions.

Margaret Kinney then made several announcements about the Reception, especially stressing the fact that it is informal, and that no outsiders will be allowed.

Miss Dodd next addressed the meeting, speaking particularly to the new overtown girls, whom she does not yet know, and who may not yet be well acquainted with the rules and regulations as are Peabonites.

Eleanor Luxton, the chairman of the Women's Disciplinary Committee, gave a short talk, explaining the origin and functions of this body, and the powers of jurisdiction it has over any woman student who breaks any rules.

The meeting then adjourned.

### NATIONALISTS WIN IN BRIT. ELECTIONS

Ramsay MacDonald Re-elected  
—British Exchange Has Risen  
as Result of Election

At 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday, October 28, the Canadian press reported the election of 608 members out of 615 in the new House of Commons.

The standing given to various parties was:

National Conservatives	472
National-Labor	13
National-Liberal	65
Labor Party	50
Lloyd George Liberals	5
Independents	3

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald had a hard fight for re-election, but he was successful over the labor candidate put up by the party which has ousted the prime minister from its leadership. Ramsay MacDonald won Seasham. The victory was complete for the Nationalists, the Labor Party being completely crushed.

The Nationalist victory has brought improved exchange rates. The British stocks have climbed sharply. The world is relieved, says Sir Eric Hummer, great British financier.

Sterling throughout is higher. The pound has jumped to \$3.93 1/4. Brokers are very enthusiastic over the new turn in conditions, and hope for the restoration of the confidence of foreigners in sterling.

In Canada, from a statement made in Ottawa Wednesday, it is believed that an embargo may be put on Russian wheat, with obvious beneficial reaction on the Canadian market.

"Result of this election must convince the world Britain is united," says Premier MacDonald in message of thanks to the nations. "To my political friends who have suffered such unusual reverses, I give assurance that in no way will the interests of the working classes be overlooked in the performance of the task before us."

## Gateway Investigation Dep't Now Under New Management

Famous branch of famous paper is re-opened with bang—Reports submitted will form series of revealing documents—Title of series: "Little-known Student Organizations"

### THIS WEEK: IS THERE AN ARTS CLUB?

It is the writer's intention to record the tireless investigation on the part of certain students regarding this question. The question was raised during a recent psychological dispute on reality and non-existence. To settle the dispute and to narrow it down to a subject which could be investigated, it was resolved to let the dispute be settled by answering the question.

After a tedious search through a number of archives, the Dept. replied. There had been, it seemed, in the early days of Varsity, certain rumors to the effect that an Arts club might be established. One historian speaks of a charter granted for the formation of such a club, but whether it was carried into effect or not he could not say. Bits of information gleaned here and there show that an Arts club "had been thought of," "was in existence" and "spoke of getting together—sometime." This information was not considered to be of any value in answering the question.

The faculty of Medicine, on being approached, were able to throw a little light on the subject. They were fairly sure that a number of persons were found in a lifeless state in the Arts building about '17. Believing this to be the results of the ventilation system they had caused the bodies to be moved to the morgue for an autopsy. It was found, however, that the bodies were not those of suffocation victims, but of the members of an executive believed to be the Arts club executive in session. The faculty could not state for certain that it was the Arts club executive, however. The bodies were left for examination, but the Meds were not sure whether they had shown any signs of life yet or not, as no one had looked at them for some time.

After all this investigation the Affirmative and Negative met to compare notes. When this had been done they gave up the argument as inconclusive. However, with a burst of Varsity spirit, they drew up the following conclusion:

Re question, "Is there an Arts club?"

1. At present the inference of the existence of such a club is a blot on the Med faculty.

2. If such a club does not exist, let it be known to us of Arts so that we may not have to endure the horse-laugh given us by members of other faculties.

3. If it does exist, let us get together and stick a pin into its an-  
atomy.

Signed,  
J. P. and P. J. MacSnort.  
J. P. and P. J. MacSnort.

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